

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1881.

Authorized Agents for the Journal.
JAMES M. REDMOND, Tarboro', Edgecombe county, N. C.
JOSEPH J. JOHNSON, Wilmington, New Hanover county.
JOSEPH K. KIRBY, Bladen county.
DR. SHERWOOD, Strickland's Depot, Duplin county.
R. S. KNOX, Black Creek, Onslow county.
B. BARRETT, Black Creek, Wayne county.
LAWSON JONES, Pink Hill P. O., Lenoir county.
C. P. WOODRILL, Whiteville, Columbus county.
VOLNEY B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Journal, in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and receipt for payment for the same.

Edgecombe County Court—February Term, 1881.

The following gentlemen qualified as Justices of the Peace:—B. Barrow, John Durr, John W. Farmer, Rufus C. Thigpen, William F. Mercer, Jordan Thigpen, and C. B. Killebrew.

The following gentlemen, elected as Constables by the people, gave bond, and took the oath of office: Andrew J. Knight, Wm. W. Botts, Willie A. Robbins, Henry Olom, Amariah Cobb, Edwin B. Bridges, Henry Belcher, Reddin S. Petway, Richard Johnson, and Joshua Killebrew.

Robert H. Austin was unanimously re-elected to the office of County Trustee, for twelve months.

Joseph J. Porter was re-elected County Register for four years.

The following Justices elected as the Special Court, for twelve months:—John F. Speight, Henry T. Clark, John S. Dancy, David Barlow, and Jesse C. Knight.

Taxes levied for county purposes, as follows:
On every \$100 value of real estate 11 cents.
On each free and slave poll 35 cents.
Taxes levied for the support of the poor:
On every \$100 value of real estate 54 cents.
On each free and slave poll 14 cents.

The Court appointed a committee of five to ascertain the amount of the fund in the hands of the Chairman, realized from the sale of the property devised and bequeathed by the late Col. L. D. Wilson to the Chairman of the County Court of Edgecombe, &c., for the use and benefit of the poor (paupers) of said county. And to report a plan for the disposition of the interest accruing therefrom, to the next term.

The pay of Jurors was increased from 75 cents per day, and 25 cents per mile travelling, to \$1.50 per day, and 50 cents per mile.

IN THE CHICKEN BUSINESS.—A Western paper, the Asheville Messenger, published for and in Buncombe [county], in an article appearing the present basis, and the distribution of the School Fund according to that basis, says that the laws we now have in this State are "a foul blot upon our escutcheon."

AN INTERESTING WORK.—It is said that Sir Robert Peel, the late distinguished British statesman, has left an autobiography all ready for the press, but which, from motives of delicacy, will not be published for some years.

COL. BENTON.—Mr. J. C. RIVES, of the Washington Globe, says that he has "had from Col. Benton's own mouth that he would not be a candidate for the Presidency."

NATIONAL SHOOTING IRONS.—From a statement recently made to Congress, it appears that the whole number of muskets fit for service belonging to the United States is 411,239; number unserviceable, 8,818. The materials on hand will serve to complete 36,300 muskets, and 4,200 rifles.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Arrival of the Steamer Europa—Seven Days Later from Europe.

HALIFAX, Feb. 26, 12 P. M.
The Royal Mail Steamer Europa arrived here at eight o'clock this evening. She brings sixty-one passengers, and dates from Liverpool to the 15th inst., and London to the 14th. The Europa left Liverpool at 11 o'clock A. M., on the 18th passed the U. S. mail steamer Arctic.

The steamer Asia arrived at Liverpool on the 9th. The steamer City of Glasgow sailed on the 15th for Philadelphia, full of freight, with a fair complement of passengers.

The American steamer Atlantic has been towed to Liverpool, for repairs. It will probably be two months before she is ready for sea.

England.
The attention of the English public is chiefly occupied in the exciting debate going on relative to the Papal aggression question.

Four nights' continuous debate resulted in gaining for Lord Russell permission to introduce his bill of pains and penalties, by a majority of 332.

It is confidently stated that the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, and the Duchess of Sutherland, the Queen's lady in waiting, and the richest heiress in England, are on the eve of becoming members of the Catholic Church.

On motion of D'Israeli, involving the principles of the free trade, the Government only carried their party by a majority of 14 in a full house. Most of the Irish members, who have heretofore sustained the Ministry, deserted them and voted with D'Israeli. The protectionists are greatly elated at this prospect.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was expected to deliver his budget on the 17th inst. Of the trade and revenue, it is said they are even more satisfactory than heretofore reported, and it is expected that many obnoxious taxes will be repealed.

France.
The Donation has been lost in the French Assembly by a majority of 112.

The breach between Louis Napoleon and the Assembly appears to be every day growing wider. It is now proposed to organize a national subscription to relieve the President from his embarrassments.

Germany.
Additional advices from Dresden state that, with the sanction of Russia, Austria and Prussia have agreed to reconstruct the Central German power—each nation taking the presidency by turns.

A PAPER FOLDING MACHINE.—This ingenious and useful invention, which was exhibited in Taylor's machine shop, in Hague street, on Saturday afternoon, to a large number of persons, is about six feet long and three feet wide, is capable of folding newspapers in as many folds as may be desired, and can be attached to the press or fed by hand.

The papers are carried on tapes, moving horizontally, until they reach a certain point, when a brass rule strikes the sheet from below, at the point in which it is desired to make the fold, forcing it between two diverging rollers which seize it, and carry it to the next set of rollers, where the same process is again gone through with, and repeated until the paper is delivered, neatly folded and ready for mailing. The machine can be divided with any speed desired, and will fold more rapidly than any press can print. It can be fed by hand, and made to fold from 2,500 to 3,000 papers per hour, according to the skill of the feeder. Each paper is accurately folded, and the machine is so simple that there is no danger of its getting out of order. It has been in use in the Transcript office, in Boston, for some months, and has done, during that time, all the folding.

The machine is the invention of Mr. E. N. Smith, of Springfield, who is preparing another to fold book work, which will cause a complete revolution in this branch of trade, especially in offices where public documents are printed, as at Washington. The patent between Louis Napoleon and the Assembly appears to be every day growing wider. It is now proposed to organize a national subscription to relieve the President from his embarrassments.

The London Times says that, "at the end of the next half century, the Americans will have a population of one hundred and ninety million, will make small work with the Canadas and the West Indies. There cannot be a doubt that, if the Union lasts that time, the United States will be the greatest nation the world ever saw."

The theatre at Tineum is about to bring out a new tragedy, it is called the "Excited Oyster, or the Broken-Hearted Bivalve."

The Tempter and the Tempted.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It was morning—a bright, cool, glorious morning in autumn—after the terrible battle of Brandywine, and now the grateful beams of the sun were gliding over the tops of the trees, which formed the great forest lying within sight of the American encampment below Princeton. The disastrous result of this memorable conflict, had well nigh crushed the hopes of the bravest colonists, and the commander-in-chief himself was dispirited and heart-stricken.

Hundreds of his brave companions in arms had bitten the dust in that ill-fated fray; many of the best officers had been cut down; the energies of his partisan band were crippled; winter was approaching, and the future filled indeed with gloomy prospects. The soldiers were without shoes; scarcely a decent tent was left with the army; the ground was frozen and rugged, and as the men were forced over it, their bare feet were exposed, and many a rueful gash had caused a bloody foot-print to be left behind them.

But on that lovely and bright morning, within the edge of the broad forest, there sat an aged cavalier, whose sympathies had latterly inclined towards the American interests, but whose personal wealth had until now induced him to pursue an inactivity, a neutrality between the two parties. And yet this man had a son in Washington's camp, a mere boy in years who had taken his musket and joined the American forces some months previously. The father had learned of the defeat of the colonial army, he knew that they had been forced to retreat, and he came to the neighborhood of the army, which had halted an hour or two, to learn if possible the fate of his boy.

He dared not approach too abruptly, and having reached the deep wood which at last lay between him and the distant camp, he mounted a knoll from the summit of which, he had a view of the vanquished, but still determined band, who had camped themselves on a hill a little time previously, but who were now hastening towards Princeton.

The father's heart throbbed audibly, as he gazed beyond him at the remains of the gallant army, and questioned if his child was there, or whether fate might have numbered his body among the three hundred noble spirits which had been sacrificed but a few days before on the field of battle. And as he strained his aged sight far down towards the camp, a white horse suddenly came in view, and approached at length towards the tent.

The figure which bestrode this noble animal was commanding and graceful, and the old man quickly noted that his loose grey coat and chapeau indicated him an American officer. He was soon at the verge of the forest, and turning his steed aside, he secured the animal to a tree, and disappeared within the confines of the wood.

Who could it be, and what was his purpose at this hour alone in that dark forest? The man turned slowly about, as the figure of the stranger moved past him, and he rejoiced that the intruder did not observe him, for he could not satisfy his curiosity.

The stalwart form, the proud step, the manly face, the solemn movement of the stranger, greatly interested the watcher, who said that a deep burden lay upon his heart, and as he looked again, he saw that noble form bend low, and on his knees the old man heard George Washington send up a fervent, earnest prayer to the God of Battles, for the deliverance of his country from war, oppression, and peril—and an ardent supplication in behalf of his suffering countrymen.

A tear of sympathy gushed from the grey eye of the aged cavalier, and as he dashed aside the fallen drop, the brave warrior rose from his knees, and was slowly wending his way towards the spot where his sword was secured, when another figure from an opposite direction suddenly hove in sight, and halting, stood in the path of the American commander-in-chief.

In an instant the hand of Washington clasped his sword hilt, and he would have drawn the blade from his scabbard, but the man who confronted him motioned him in kindness, and the warrior stood in his tracks. Drawing himself up to his height, he gazed for a moment on the face of the other, and evidently recognizing him, he exclaimed with evident surprise: "Sir William Howe!"

"The same—and, in favor of his Majesty, commander of the British forces in this colony," answered the other, in a low, but firm voice.

"The tools of an unwise sovereign, who rolls in splendid extravagance and ease while the poor colonials, who should have been the objects of his especial regard, are starving throughout the land," quickly added Washington.

"A truce to this, sir," replied the British General quickly. "I am a military man, and I put an end to the long and tedious strife that unfortunately have existed too long here."

"You speak truly," exclaimed Washington, interrupting the General, and deeply interested in his words.

"On my honor, sir, the King would see this conflict speedily terminated, and I repeat his words, when I say that he looks to Washington for this result—so desirable to the colonists and the mother land."

The American General advanced towards Sir William Howe—he looked into his eyes—he measured his form—and a thousand emotions of hope, joy, fear, and suspicion, momentarily thrusted themselves upon the mind of the sagacious warrior.

What meant these words of encouragement? Was Sir William Howe insane? How came he there in that forest, at so opportune a moment? The King—the British General—these were the strange questions which whirled about his mind.

But in his hand Sir William held a roll of parchment, and again he pressed upon the American General's notice the kindly intentions of his noble sovereign, King George.

With a nervous movement, as if he distrusted the foul art himself, Sir William Howe raised the parchment, and with a firm voice, he read aloud to the American General, the contents of the parchment, and the eye of Washington fell upon the proffer of his Majesty, King George, to the commander-in-chief of the American army.

For an instant a film seemed to pass over his sight as he gazed upon the gilded document bearing the sign of the royal seal of the King upon its face, and the American General passed his hand to his brow, for he could scarcely believe himself awake.

But the pang was momentary, and instantly recovering he found the document in his own hands, upon which he read the words: "To our beloved servant, DUKE GEORGE WASHINGTON, of Mount Vernon."

He started back, a groan burst from his lips—and the next moment the parchment was torn into a hundred shreds, and lay beneath the American warrior's feet.

"Thus—this I answer your vile proposal Sir William Howe!" exclaimed the gallant Washington, contemptuously, as he stamped the fragments in the dust beneath his feet, and the British General quickly gave way before the excited insulted man, whom he feared, as the latter moved forward toward the outer verge of the wood.

"This may be my answer to your wicked master. The blood of a thousand martyrs in the cause of freedom—each one of whom were more worthy than your loyal leader—call upon the living to avenge the dead!—the memory of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Brandywine, are fresh in our hearts and we defy your cruel master's power or his arts. And for myself, I seek no other reward but what I find in the consciousness of performing my utmost in the noble cause of freedom."

"On your own head be the consequence of this contumacy," said the English General between his teeth, as he turned away. Within five minutes Washington had mounted his steed and was quickly out of sight.

An Irishman's Eulogy of Burns.

From the Boston Post.

At the recent celebration of the birth-day of Burns, in Boston, Mr. Egan, a member of the Boston bar, in reply to the toast of "The day we celebrate, and all who honor it," spoke as follows:—

James Egan, Esq., replied in a speech of classic elegance. He began by saying that the fact of his being called on to reply to that toast, exemplified not only the genial fraternizing influence of the genius of their loved poet, but also the prophetic spirit of him who sung—

"When that time would come for 'at,'
When man to man, the world o'er,
Should brother be, and a that."

There was he, the countryman of Goldsmith, uniting with the countrymen of Shakespeare, and the countrymen of Scott, and the countrymen of Longfellow, and Whittier, and Bryant, in paying reverence to the memory of Burns, and twining his wreath of Irish shamrocks with the garland that keeps his memory green. He had one strong feeling in regard to Burns, which he was half-tempted to confess before his Scotch friends, and that was to steal him from them altogether, and claim him as an Irishman—*utimur nostro foiet*. He had expressed the desire of committing this literary labor to a friend in Ireland, some years ago, who said Burns could not be passed off for an Irishman, for one of the best known of his lyrics, Auld Lang Syne, would detect him at once—

"And surely you'll be your pint stoup,
And surely you'll be your new shawl;
And surely you'll be a dandy,
And surely you'll be a dandy."

There was Burns, said he, in the characteristic spirit of national thrift, settling the reckoning, and upon condition, that you were to pay for the first pint stoup. An Irishman would never have thought of that.

Mr. Egan said he considered Burns not only one of the greatest poets, but one of the manliest of men. Some critics denied his right to be ranked as a great poet, because he had written only songs, and no poems or long didactic poems. Mr. Egan, however, quietly refuting this position, used the following beautiful figure: The lyrical is higher than the logical. As poetry is itself the essence of all literature, so a song is the essence of all poetry. A true song, like Burns's, or like the drops of song in Shakespeare, contains within itself the essence of a hundred poems, as the honey which he contains the essence of a thousand flowers. I was common lay until roses were planted in me, says some aromatic piece of earth in an Eastern fable. How truly might this be said of the people in whose hearts the seeds of Burns's poetry have been sown. It was always a mystery to him how a hard and practical people like the Scotch, could flower and blossom into such poetry.

"What laws did this unacknowledged legislator give to the poet's imagination, and the adornment, and the purification of the life of Scotland, robbing with the drapery of eternal beauty their souls, their sorrows, and their loves—shedding the auroral light of poetic around the laborious duties of the lowliest peasant—round the spinning-wheel at the sheafing fireside—round the reaper in the corn-field, and the ploughman at the plough. Mr. Egan spoke at great length, and this is but an idea of his eloquent address.

Power of Kindness.

"Tom!—here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in tones of authority.

The boy looked up at his father, and he looked towards his father, but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear me, sir?" spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace?" said the father, angrily.

"Quickly, I want you. When I speak, I look to be obeyed instantly. Head this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace.

"You Tom! is that going as I ordered? Is that going quick?" called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour I will punish you."

But the words had but little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent. He experienced a sense of injustice; a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, for reasons of consequence.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father, speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence. "My words scarcely made an impression on him."

"Kind words often prove most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and the strengthening dew!—but harsh words break and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try him with kind words; they will prove a hundred times more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by the reproach; but it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his boy returned. At times during his absence, he was angry at the delay; and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of remembrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them.

At last the lad came slowly in, with a clouded countenance, and reported the result of his errand. Having stayed far beyond his time, he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it with an angry defiance.

But to his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, instead of angry reproach and punishment, said, kindly, "Very well, my son, you can go out to play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobeyed his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his defiance, but kind words had made him feel down by his father, grieving over his act of disobedience. As he thus sat he heard his name called. He listened.

"Thomas, my son," said his father kindly. "The boy sprang to his feet, and was almost instantly beside his parent.

"I did, my son. Will you take this package to Mr. Long for me?"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it, he bounded away with a light step.

"There is power in kindness," said the father, as he sat looking out the window, and empty of his son, while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back with a cheerful, happy face, and said: "Can I do anything else for you, father?"

"Yes, there is the power of kindness. The tempest of passion can only subside, constrain and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew and the sunshine.

From the Boston Post.

A Cause.

Know't thou the cause, my gentle queen,
Why all those stars on high,
Uncertain, pale, and dimly seen,
Make us with address sigh?
It is because they mark the flight
Of lost ones we deplore;
Each star is sent to guide and light
A heart that beats no more.

It is because each shining pearl
With some soul here communes;
One is thy lover, oh young girl,
At last thou hast importance;
'Forget not one now lost to thee,
Whose days on earth are o'er;
Let thy true heart still beat for me,
Whose heart shall beat no more."

Seest thou that solitary star,
Fast fading in its flight?
A soul—its seeks to hide afar
In everlasting night—
Because its sister soul revolts
From vows it made before—
Because the beating heart is false
To the heart that beats no more.

A trembling star, when I am dead,
My spirit will appear,
And, hovering fain o'er thy head,
Demand of thee a tear.
When'er thou seest me floating there,
Think then of moment's o'er;
With kindness greet my gentle star,
When this heart beats no more.

From the N. O. True Delta.

Letter from C. H. Hewlett.
HEWLETT'S HOTEL, Feb. 18, 1881.

To Mr. James Jones of Piscesville, California:
Dear James—Jenny Lind has raved a regular furor, as the French say in the city, and has with many drained the country folks there homes, and of these munny. The Santa Charles theater where she sings is crowded to death every concert with the youth of the city, and the cotton and sugar razzers, who pay the highest prices and has the best seats and does the most talk of emmy body in the house. It's a great pity that when women go to a concert to hear music as music that they could be persuaded to leave there fans and tongs at home, for its the most aggravating thing in the world to have folks talking around you when you're listening to a beautiful piece of music.

And when you see a woman with a pair of eyes like singin', and she will walk in like a king, and she will talk if they should die for it, and you will mite as well try to catch a black snake by sprinkling salt on his tale as to get won of em to keep still when she wanted to say sumthin'.

I me speakin' feelin' on this talkin' bizness, for I was greene enuff to take a ticket last nite in the first serie of boxes war all the all and dilly tuck set, and it was my luck to have a crowd of folks who was drest nore to death, and kept sayin' "O my how fine—aint that sweet—a good lookin' fellow that chap as plays the flute is—how nice Mister Burk is drest"—and such like nonsense till I got mad enuff to get up and choke them.

But James—the girls, lord these purty souls and boddys, dont cum to the concert to here the music, they only cum to show their hansom piece of singin', and to look at the fine sholders and all that sort of thing, and to look at the folks throo them double barrel lookin' glasses to see whose drest better than them. We as lives in town in the winters can tell the city girls in a theater from them as cum from the country, for the won generally wares there frocks out off short on to give them the world a chance to see the valleys of the white mountains, while the others is up to the throats as of they was afraid of takin' cold.

Now I haint no objection in the world for a rite good lookin' pidgeon breasted girl warin a frock made purty short on top but it aint quite the thing when they has em so short as to be slippin' down off the sholders every minit, and I me going to get Mare Crossman to pass a law agin it, for they say here the folks of the city, and can do just as lose a mind to with the wominn. But James, I wisht you was here to here Jenny Lind singin' of our old fashioned songs. Her Home Sweet Home war resurect all the better feelins of your boyhoods days, and carry you back, not to old Virginny, but to the time when you made won of a happy family, with father and mother and sisters to love and care for you, and many a purty soul that has taken the home lately occupied by you.

Swann, as a Boarding-House, and having had it thoroughly repaired, and fitted with new and handsome furniture throughout, she will be enabled to accommodate a number of transient or permanent Boarders in the best and most comfortable manner. The House is as pleasantly situated as any in Wilmington, and a number of her best rooms will be reserved for the accommodation of transient visitors, who may desire a comfortable patronage of those desirous of obtaining a Boarding-House of the first class, as she flatters herself that her arrangements cannot be surpassed for comfort and convenience, and no exertion will be spared to add to the happiness and contentment of her guests.

The House is now open for the reception of permanent or day boarders. For particulars apply to Mrs. F. R. Pearson and V. R. Pearson, at the corner of Third and Prince Streets, Wilmington, N. C.

NEW BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. E. A. FORD, would respectfully inform the public, that she has taken the house lately occupied by Mrs. SWANN, as a Boarding-House, and having had it thoroughly repaired, and fitted with new and handsome furniture throughout, she will be enabled to accommodate a number of transient or permanent Boarders in the best and most comfortable manner. The House is as pleasantly situated as any in Wilmington, and a number of her best rooms will be reserved for the accommodation of transient visitors, who may desire a comfortable patronage of those desirous of obtaining a Boarding-House of the first class, as she flatters herself that her arrangements cannot be surpassed for comfort and convenience, and no exertion will be spared to add to the happiness and contentment of her guests.

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COACH MAKING, REPAIRING, AND JOBBING.
Corner Third and Prince Streets, opposite Nixon's Livery Stable, Wilmington, N. C.

THE subscriber, having taken the establishment above mentioned on the corner of Third and Prince Streets, Wilmington, N. C., formerly occupied by W. J. Cornwall, and having had it thoroughly repaired, and fitted with new and handsome furniture throughout, she will be enabled to accommodate a number of transient or permanent Boarders in the best and most comfortable manner. The House is as pleasantly situated as any in Wilmington, and a number of her best rooms will be reserved for the accommodation of transient visitors, who may desire a comfortable patronage of those desirous of obtaining a Boarding-House of the first class, as she flatters herself that her arrangements cannot be surpassed for comfort and convenience, and no exertion will be spared to add to the happiness and contentment of her guests.

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Schools.

RICHLAND ACADEMY.

THE Winter session of this Institution will close on Friday the 21st of February, and the next session will open on the 24th day of March. All students who enter the School at any period of the session, it is desired that all who intend entering during the session, will be prompt in attendance at the beginning. All who enter the School before the first half session, will be charged for the whole session, and no deduction is made for absence unless in case of protracted sickness. L. G. WOODWARD, Principal. Feb. 24, 1881.

TOPSAIL ACADEMY.

Is a beautiful and healthy situation, twelve miles East of Wilmington, in an excellent neighborhood, where board may be had for six to seven dollars per month, will commence its second scholastic year on the first day of October next.

Rates of Tuition, per session of five months:
Reading, Writing, Spelling, and first Class in Arithmetic, English Grammar and Geography \$7.50
Second Class of same, including Philosophy, History and Rhetoric 12.00
The higher branches of English, Science, Chemistry, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, including first Class of Algebra, Latin and Greek, 15.00
Second Classes of the same, with Lectures on the most important subjects 18.00
Tuition in the Female Department, including the exception of the ornamental branches, which will be made very reasonable, and determined upon previous to the opening of the School.

President of the Board of Trustees,
Topsail school, Aug. 21, 1880. 50-1f

MEMPHIS INSTITUTE.

THE regular course